THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 63.

Dulce est desipere.

TO THE WANDERER.

Sir,

THERE is no greater folly than always to be wise. A man whose stately disposition or inflexible mind never bends to the common pleasures of society, who finds no amusement in the levities of a social evening, no gratification in the unreserved familiarity of fire-side conversation, or cannot enter with some degree of spirit into the trifling chit-chat of a ball-room, may be thought abroad in the world to be a very knowing gentleman; but I always look upon him deficient in the better part of wisdom, and rank him in the scale of mental utility but little above an idiot.

Accommodation is the great secret of happiness, and as much a duty as a pleasure when it demands the sacrifice of no moral sentiment. Very little wisdom therefore is discovered in a separation from common principles and received forms; but the reserve of those who look at the pleasures of life with a cross eye, is not the effect of superior intelligence, but an affectation that is intended to conceal the weakness of the mind. Who can bear the labours without the relaxation of life? Who can pursue his long journey without baiting on the road? It is requisite sometimes to bring the "*great mind*" down to a level with little things; to sport with the idle, to laugh with the gay, to leave the cares of life and the business of the times outside of the door, and to enter with a heart of levity the circle of rational amusements.

LAVINIA knows this, and puts it in practice—She is in no danger of being taken for a book-worm; and as for being liable to a censure for gravity, she knows not what gravity means—She is all life, humour, vivacity, spirit—She dances, at every ball, sees every new play, is at the loo-party or whist table while any one will keep her company—She pleases wherever she appears. The gentlemen are delighted with her pleasant and vivacious manners, and she makes the ladies good natured in spite of themselves.

LAVINIA was a reigning toast before the mothers of several of the young fair, who are just beginning to figure in life, were married; but though some say she must die a maid, not being at home long enough to be courted, and others that her wild dissipation injures her bloom and impairs her health; and some again, that her disposition is not now so equable as it was within their recollection; yet I do not believe the censures of envy; and when a woman talks disrespectfully of a gentleman's favourite, I commonly deduct more than half for scandal.—

But it must be confessed, notwithstanding, that Lavinia carries her arrangements of pleasure farther than prudence would direct. In the ball-room, most admirers are commonly gained by the gayest and pleasantest companion; but he who seeks at the assembly for a wife, makes a bad bargain if he gets one. He is pretty much on a par with a man "who would eat a lark for its singing." There are other circumstances to be considered: She who is found only in the throng, has no opportunity of discovering her domestic talents; and she who is never seen in the companies of fashion, cannot evince her powers for elegant life. It is the union of business and pleasure, that shows in full force the abilities of the mind and its capability of affording perpetual delight; and that frivolity which makes pleasure the object and business of life, or that reserved system which affects to consider business not merely a necessary occupation, but the best and only pleasure, is a deception which must one day be discovered.

AURELIA united the manners of fashion with the habits of domestic life—She was not so frivolous as to neglect useful acquirements, nor so deep a student as to pass over the accomplishments and manners of elegant fashion—She was not too volatile to learn the interior œconomy of a household, nor too much occupied with these avocations to mingle in the gaiety of fashion and the pleasures of the day. Not devoted entirely to either, she divided proportionably her time among all. At home, you saw the correctness and prudence of her domestic establishment, and abroad the charms of a refined education and the accomplished manners of the lady. She entered the beau monde at the same time with Lavinia. The beauty and the spirit of the one drew together a crowd of beaux, ambitious of pleasing, and rewarded by a smile; but they were mere butterflies on the rose, that sipped its sweets for a moment, and left it for the next flower that bloomed.—The other, without those personal charms that commanded attention, had that affability and sweetness of manners, which when once they attracted the eye, always retained the heart. Aurelia has been for several years the mistress of a family; and those little miniatures of love that are growing up around her, will be taught their mother's correctness—neither on one hand to be general devotees to pleasnre, nor on the other entirely to neglect its allurements; not to pretend a superiority over its charms; a mind above its reach, but to mingle with the world, to adopt its manners and follow its directions, remembering always that there is a superior object of attention, and that *dissipation* may be lawfully indulged only when it does not interfere with *reason*.

W.

For the Emerald.

Messrs. Editors,

The following Cross Readings have been discovered in several late papers. They are submitted to your disposal.

F.

Thirty pipes cognac brandy—For four or five gentlemen of the Court.

Many articles of foreign intelligence—were unfortunately consumed by the fire.

Upland cotton—For the young ladies academy.

Wanted to purchase, any quantity of honesty, integrity—and other odd articles—for Michigan bills.

Lost, supposed to be stolen—Five miles of the Newburyport Turnpike.

Married on Thursday evening last—The largest drove of horn cattle ever brought to market.

The senate yesterday by yeas and nays—took a few boxes of Hamilton's worm destroying lozenges.

An act to suspend the operation—of any quantity of distilled spirits.

To be sold by the package or single piece—petitions for Turnpikes, Insurance companies—and other wholesale articles.

Several ladies of distinguished fashion—will be sold by public auction to the highest bidder.

Taken by execution—The new representatives to congress.

A wet nurse wanted—for the benefit of Harvard college.

The southern mail establishment—has been indicted for disorderly conduct.

The theatre during the season—has lost its main-stays and been in very leaky condition.

The third subscription assembly—contained many articles of no value, except to the owner.

A man was lately detected in—preaching to a large congregation.

SKETCH *of the* HISTORY *of* LITERATURE *in* EUROPE *from the* AGE *of* AUGUSTUS *to that of* LOUIS XIV. *By* H. DE DA HARPE.

(Continued from p. 30.)

In the midst of this degrading state of things, to whom do we owe the obligation of preserving at least the dispersed materials which served in the result to re-construct the edifice of human knowledge? History will answer for us, it is to the clergy. They only had still some tincture of learning; and hence it was that the name of *clerk* became synonimous with that of a scholar, and was bestowed even upon all those who could read, that acquisition being sufficiently rare to be entitled to a privileged name. To the studies of the clergy we are indebted for having opened the way for the restoration of letters, by their having treasured up the manuscripts, the only repositories of learning before the discovery of printing. The greater part of these were brought forth at various times from the dust of monastic libraries; and it was especially from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, that copies of the works of the ancients became less rare, and commenced the revival of letters. For a long time after, the learned used only the Latin language, no people being yet sufficiently confident of the powers of their own tongue to think it capable of conveying works of genius. Poetry alone, more enterprising, had hazarded in the modern tongues some rude efforts, which resembled the lisping of children. Two persons, indeed, before the art of printing was known had the happy fortune to produce in their native idiom works which tended to render their language durable. These were Dante and Petrarch; and it was Italy that had the glory of their birth; which proves that the Italian is that among the modern languages which was the earliest in cultivation, and that Italy was the country in Europe which in times of barbarism still preserved most of genius and a taste for letters. Bocase accomplished that for the Italian prose which Petrarch had for its poetry. To the graces of a natural recital Bocace added a surprising purity of diction, which many years after made him, it may be said, the cotemporary of the most esteemed authors of Italy. And this is an advantage which the best writers of France and England, before their native languages were fixed, have not enjoyed: while the excellence of their genius has snatched their works from oblivion, it could not preserve their language from growing obsolete.

The middle of the fifteenth century was the memorable epoch of the invention of the art of printing, which multiplying with such astonishing facility the images of thought, has established from one end of the earth to the other a constant and rapid intercourse of reason and talents. It permits the man who thinks, to communicate in the same moment with all who read.

In rendering books as common and popular as manuscripts were rare and inaccessible, it has drawn science and truth from the retreats of letters, and

spread them through the universe. By this is hastened the regeneration and new progress of the arts; and to this great invention is given to say even to Barbarism, "Thou shalt never revive!" —to injustice, which heretofore could scarcely be denounced but to future times, "From this moment of thy crime thou hearest thy sentence pronounced to all the world!"—and to the man fraught with truth, "Speak, and the whole earth shall hear thy voice!"

The first works of the press were dictated by the Latin Muses, who hastened to respire the air of their ancient country; and it was just that Italy should be the scene of the happy revolution. It extended to every department of science, thanks to the benignant influence of the House of Medici, who, all-powerful at Florence and Rome, there received the arts banished from Constantinople by the Ottoman arms, and the fall of that phantom of the Greek empire, reduced long before to the walls of Byzantium. The Medici had the glory to distinguish by their name, ever dear to letters and the arts, that great epoch of the sixteenth century, the first which in poetry has been the rival of the Augustan age; in sculpture and architecture has retraced those fine forms, elegant proportions, that native expression, those simple and majestic designs, till then known only to the Greeks, and the Romans their imitators; and in painting has completed the idea of the beautiful, and left the invariable model of perfection.

The magnificence and the taste of the Medici fostered that crowd of talents which now sprang up in every quarter. Italy was filled with those innumerable examples of the finest painting which continue to draw foreigners from all the polished parts of the world, and which are shewn with a national pride that has passed even into that rank of the people who in every other country are strangers to the arts. The Medici, and particularly the famous pontiff of Rome Leo X., caused every library to be searched for the manuscripts of the ancients, and these the press reproduced, enriched with learned and instructive comments. At that auspicious moment was entirely removed the thick and pernicious veil which a long-continued barbarism had spread over the beauties of Antiquity. She arose from darkness, again clothed as when living, like those fine statues which, buried for ages amidst the wrecks of earthquakes and volcanos, seem, when reproduced to day, to spring all new from the hands of the artist. Hence that species of idolatry which she at first inspired. The learned and commentators then formed a new set of bigots; and the age that immediately followed, by another excess, deemed it ridiculous. But the well-informed and equitable still acknowledge with pleasure the essential services we have received from those indefatigable scholars, who kept their watch amongst parchment, and buried themselves alive with the dead.

Let us not reproach them with an extravagant passion for the object of their labours, since this passion was itself necessary to their constancy under such an enterprize: let us not complain that they have loaded their commentaries with a minute and sometimes unnecessary erudition, since we are but too happy that they have left to our researches only the embarrassment of choice! They have at times lost themselves in obscure and sterile paths; but they were also the first to open and clear the great road on which we now proceed with such facility. They might with a waste of suffering heap up some useless materials; but they were the persons who cultivated the field where we at ease gather the fruit. This frivolous and presumptuous age cannot be too often told that there is no merit in despising all things, but that there is much indeed in profiting of every thing. Like foolish and prodigal heirs they scornfully suffer to moulder in their hands immense treasures obscurely amassed by eager and industrious forefathers.

Such were not Ariosto and Tasso, both of whom, versed in the ancient language of Rome sufficiently to write it with success, preferred the then greater labour of illustrating that of modern Italy, in which they still hold the highest rank. It is well known that Italy is to this day divided respecting the superiority of Tasso or Ariosto, as the French contend respecting Corneille and Racine, and the learned have long disputed concerning Demosthenes and Cicero; but we pass that topic till we come to speak particularly of foreign

literature, our object here being only to name those great men as among the number whose glory is that of their country, and as two writers who gave to the Italian language all the grace and force of which it is susceptible.

At this epoch it was that the flexible language required its various capacities, and assumed all its titles to the regard of posterity. The author of Pastor Fido disputed with that of Aminta the palm of the pastoral drama; Guichardini attained all the dignity of history; Fira-Paoli defended the liberty and constitution of his country with the pen and courage of a citizen against the ambitious politics of the Roman pontiff.

Machiaval has acquired a celebrity which is to be deplored, by his book intitled The Prince, which is nothing less than the theory of successful crimes and the code of tyranny, although some have gratuitously justified the design and object from one of the dreams of Amelot de la Houssaye, who supposed he had discovered that Machiaval had assumed the garb of crime only to inspire a horror for it. To read his work is sufficient to be convinced, that, naturally influenced with the Italian policy of his day, which was nothing less than perfidy and selfishness, he employed all his genius and talents to reduce to a system the baseness he beheld practised every day. He belongs, nevertheless, to the epoch of which I am speaking, by his comedy of Mandragora, which had great success. Imperfect as this piece is, it gave the first idea of comic dialogue and intrigue, as the Sophonison of Trissin was the first tragedy composed according to the rules of Aristotle. But these essays, although worthy of our esteem, remained sterile attempts; and the dramatic art contained in its infancy among those very Italians who in every other of the fine-arts were the preceptors of nations.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

LEARNING—A MORAL TALE.

Dabschelin, King of the Indies, possessed a library so large, that it required a hundred bramins to revise, and to keep it in order; and a thousand dromidaries to carry the books. As he had no intention to read all it contained, he commanded his bramins to make extracts from it, for his use, of whatever they judged most valuable, in every branch of literature. The doctors immediately undertook to form such an abridgement; and after twenty years labour, composed from their several collections, a small Encyclopœdea, consisting of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could scarcely carry; they had the honour to present this to the King, but were astonished, to hear him say, "That he would not read a work, that was a load for thirty camels." They then reduced their extracts, so that they might be carried by fifteen; afterwards, by ten; and then by four; and then by two dromedaries—At last, no more books were left than were sufficient to load a mule of ordinary strength. Unfortunately, Dabschelim had grown old, while his library was abridging, and did not expect to live long enough to read to the end, this master-piece of learning. The sage Pilpai, his vizier, therefore thus addresses him:—

"Though I have had imperfect knowledge of the library of your sublime majesty; yet I can make a kind of analysis, of what it contains, very short, but extremely careful; yet, it will afford you sufficient matter for meditation during your whole life."

At the same time, the vizier took the leaf of a palm-tree, and wrote on it, with a pencil of gold, the four following maxims:—

1st. In the greater part of science, there is only this single word, *perhaps*, in all history, but these phrases:—

They were born; they were wretched; and they died.

2nd. Take pleasure in nothing, which is not commendable; and every thing, which you take a pleas-

ure in. *Think* nothing, but what is true; and do not utter all you think.

3d. Oh! ye Kings; subdue your passions; reign over yourselves; and you will consider the government of the world. only as recreation.

4th. Oh, ye Kings! Oh, ye Nations! listen to a truth, ye can never hear too often, and which sophists pretend to doubt.

There is no happiness, without virtue; and no virtue, without the fear of the Gods.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 14.

Which is the Man, (Mrs. Cowley) and Perouse. Friday, Jan. 16.

Castle Spectre, (Lewis) and Perouse. Monday, Jan. 19.

Without denying to Mr. Lewis the praise due to *genius* and *learning*, we still think the play of the *Castle Spectre* by no means remarkable for *accuracy* in the one, or originality in the other. The story is meant to be a romance; but it is incongruous. The introduction of the negroes is a violation of chronology, at the same time that it ruins the simplicity of the romance; if Mr. Lewis wished to have attacked the slave trade, he should not have retired so far into the gloom of *Gothic* barbarity. The spectre, is superfluous! it is conjured up for no adequate purpose. Nothing is done by means of it, which could not as well be done without its agency.—Kenrick had told Angela before she saw it, her relationship to Osmond, of his perfidy, and her father's existence As has before been observed, our acquaintance with the spectre is about as important as the shake of Lord Burligh's head in the critic. The spectre approaches Angela *seems to invoke a blessing upon her*, and retires to the oratory!!" Lord Burleigh rises from his seat—advances—ruminates profoundly—shakes his head—and *exit* in a huff. At her second appearance, the ghost of Evelina does no good; that is, there is no necessity for her interference—Angela would naturally have stabbed Osmond of her own accord, to save her father and herself; or Percy had she waited a few moments would have settled the business in a trice.

Of invention, Mr. Lewis, can claim but a small share. The dream of Osmond, is nearly allied to those of Richard and Clarence; Reginald's sixteen years imprisonment is apparently derived from the Robbers, and in truth the *familiar* use of sacred expressions, as well as the atheism of Osmond, speak forcibly, the intimacy of the author with German literature.

That his characters are not original, he confesses himself, Motley, Father Phillip and Alice, are all drawn from Shakespeare.

"Next chusing from great Shakespeare's comic school,
The gossip crone, gross friar, and gibing fool," &c.

Some of the thought also, seems borrowed from Shakespeare, Young, and other eminent writers.

But notwithstanding all the defects, the play as a *composition* stands very high. The language is characteristic, elevated and harmonious; the plot is naturally conceived, its complexity is not forced, and its developement is gradual and regular. The incidents that occur for the most part, have a material connection with the fable; and the moral intention of the author, crowns the whole.

——*His endeavours are*
"*To lay the exulting villian's bosom bare,*
And by the torments of his conscience shew,
That prosperous vice, is but triumphant woe."

As the Castle Spectre was brought forward this evening, for the purpose of introducing a gentleman in the part of Osmond, who had never before appeared on the stage, we shall content ourselves with but few remarks on the performance. The part of Osmond is laborious, and difficult of execution; and it would not be surprising if a failure should be the consequence of the undertaking. But this gentleman has requisites which cultivation would render useful to the stage. His person is tall, and shapely; his face expressive though not commanding; and his voice

strong and shrill, without great melody or cadence. This last defect, seems rather the result of want of usage in the Theatre and perhaps from too frequent exertion in preparation. His action is frequently impressive, but is generally redundant, and sometimes ungraceful. The habit of nearly covering his face with his arms, prevents the expression of his countenance from being observed, and is also uncouth and unpleasing. The clenched fist too, was not learned of the graces. Another defect of action is a continual shifting of his position; and performing to the audience rather than to himself, or person on the stage with him. In pronunciation he wants fulness, and rotundity; at present he clips the sound of his words. These observations are friendly; because the deficiencies they suggest are easily remedied—Yet many of them we can conceive were the effect of the agitation of a first appearance.

In respect to his conception of the character, we shall offer a few remarks.

We considered many passages uttered with a just apprehension of the author, and others again were delivered in an unmeaning tone. It would be endless to point out his *verbal* defects. But generally, the interview with Percy in the prison room, and the scene with Angela in her chamber, were the best performed; and the description of the dream, and the first scene and soliloquy, were the worst. We think if this gentleman would apply himself to study (if he means to assume acting as a profession) he would in a short time become a respectable and perhaps a great actor.

Mrs. Powell in Angela, appeared very respectable; not to say improved. Her costume was elegant, and in her first scene particularly, she afforded much satisfaction.

Hamlet (Shakespeare) and the Purse. Wednesday. Jan. 21.

There is no production of Shakespeare, which has been more universally applauded than the play of Hamlet. And it may not be useless to inquire by what peculiarity of excellence it has so long sustained the disadvantages of multiplied repetitions, and gathered strength by time. This play, according to Lord Shaftsbury, has but one character, or principal part; the reflections, deep, sublime, and forcible, are drawn from one mouth, without any of the blustering heroism, fulsome declamation, or feminine sensibility, which make up the composition of modern tragedy. The *variety*, which Dr. Johnson so much extols in this piece, is mostly exemplified in Hamlet himself; so that an analysis of his character will convey a tolerable notion of the whole production. The event on which the interest is founded, is single and alone; and to the effects of it all the action is made subservient. In the discussion of this character, we shall compare Mr. Cooper's representation, with our conception of the meaning of Shakespeare; beginning with the avowal, that we have seen him perform with more spirit, though not with more discrimination, in the first acts; and with more judgment as well as force in the last.

The predominant characteristics of Hamlet, are nice susceptibility and irresolution. His susceptibility shews itself conspicuously in the first act, wherein grief for his father's death, indignation at his mother's marriage, and aversion to his uncle-father, are the principal springs of his action. How far Mr. Cooper conceived it in this way we will examine it in detail. In his first appearance he was evidently by his countenance and attitude, the character he assumed; he was pensive, and now and then a stolen glance of aversion to his company could be discovered. When he spoke he shewed his displeasure in the same manner:—"*A little more than kin, and less than kind.*" The emphasis of the following lines, we think was erroneous:

"'Tis not alone my inky *cloak*, good mother, &c.
"That can denote me *truly*."

In this speech Hamlet in vindicating his own grief, obliquely inveighs against the Queen for her conduct, contrasted with his. Hence "*inky* cloak" and "denote *me* truly," would be the most proper distinctions. Nor does it appear necessary that the line "*For they are actions which a man might play*," should be spoken as if aside. There is no reason that Gertrude should not hear it; on the contrary, it enforces her hypocrisy.

This conversation with the Queen

raises all his feelings into open violence, and in the ensuing soliloquy, violent grief, affection for his father, indignation against his mother's marriage, and hatred of his uncle, by turns occupy his mind. The first burst of grief was finely expressed by Mr. Cooper: "Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt," &c.—but in the succeeding passages, though he evinced some new traces of discernment, he did not give the picture sufficient life.

We are not among those who consider that the theatrical manner of taking off the hat at the first appearance of the ghost, with the arm stretched back, is either natural or judicious. Horror rather contracts than extends the muscles. It is a just observation, that as the time for the ghost's appearance approaches, the agitation of Hamlet may be supposed to increase. And the best exemplification of such agitation, is locomotion, or passing to and fro upon the stage. Mr. Cooper did not conceive it in this way; he appeared perfectly calm and unruffled until the approach of the ghost. Excepting in this particular, we think the speech to the ghost well conceived; the invocation, "angels and ministers of grace defend us!" could not have been better delivered. The different connections of Hamlet with the ghost, were well expressed, in Mr. Cooper's pronunciation of "king, father, royal Dane." The utterance of "*quietly* inurn'd" was, we think, *too peculiar* to consist with the fright into which the supernatural visitant had thrown Hamlet.—When the ghost leaves him, would not an eagerness to follow the shade even to its vanishing, have been a natural proceeding? At its second appearance, in the closet scene Mr. Cooper does this with his looks and inclination of his body; why not when it departs the first time?

After Hamlet has had his suspicions of his uncle's treachery confirmed, he forms the resolution "to put an antic disposition on," and when his friends find him and enquire what the ghost has been doing, he at first, enjoining them to secrecy, seems willing to impart the knowledge he has acquired; but suddenly reflecting on the danger of the communication, bursts out into the joke, "*There's not a villain living in all Denmark but he's an arrant knave.*" Here Mr. Cooper was completely excellent. In the next act, the irresolution of Hamlet is conspicuous, as well as his feigned madness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE EMERALD.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

THE RULLING CHARACTER.

What Pope has termed the *ruling passion* is in several instances a character formed by long habit. Thus his dying courtier who cries, "If where I am going I can serve you sirs, &c. This always appeared quite hyperbolitical until the appearance of the following story which is gravely stated as fact in the saint Everemondiana.

Cardinal Mazarin on his death bed requested an interview with the young king Louis XIV in which he assured him that it had been his determination very speedily to have resigned his authority into his Majesty's hands who was now so fully capable of governing for himself; and added that nothing in the approach of death afflicted him so much as to be deprived the felicity of living under his majesty's administration.

NEWSPAPERS.

The value of these multiplied daily journals, is humourously described in a work entitled the *Joinerianna*:

Students of every class, may now burn their books, like so much lumber, and circumscribe their studies hereafter to the newspaper productions of the press: they will therein find employment, and instruction, sufficient for all the purposes of social and civil life. The common people, of late years, are become so wonderfully learned amongst us, by the vast increase of Diurnals, and Nocturnals, Gazettes, and Gazetteers, Papers, and Packets, Journals, and Ledgers, Mercuries, and Flying-Posts; that you will scarcely find the meanest pea-

sant, or sootiest chimney-sweeper, so unlettered, as not to be able to spell a newspaper. A great number of hands, who would otherwise be idle, and, many of them, useless to society, are now fully employed, and may truly be said, to have their hands full.

Rag-Merchants, Paper-Makers, Stationers, Stampers, Paragraph-Mongers, Printers, Hawkers, &c. &c. &c.

Authors innumerable are fed by those channels of light amusement, and profound speculation. Adepts in all sciences. Divines in masquerade. *Anonymi anonymorum* —an endless train.

Tippling-philosophers, potvaliant-free-thinkers, who arraign all order, and labour to make the sober part of mankind, as enlightened in the important points of *liberty*, as they themselves are—when in their cups.

Certainly, newspapers, by this time, ought to be reckoned among the staple commodities of this country. What an advantage to the community!—What a benefit to the state! and procured at so easy a rate, as *distracting the heads of the whole nation.*

ENVY

Was never perhaps more forcibly pictured than in the words of Lord Bacon:

Envy (said he) *has no holidays*—

—— Envy with squinting eyes,
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health,
Best then he lives when any better dies;
Is never poor but in another's wealth;
On good men's harms and griefs feeding his fill.

A great talker never wants enemies. The man of sense speaks little and hears much.

The most ignorant have knowledge to see the faults of others—the most clear sighted are blind to their own.

THE INGENUITY OF SWINDLERS.

A Paris correspondent gives us the following account of one of the most ingenious stratagems played off at any time, by the light-fingered gentlemen of that, or any kingdom.

The last time the Queen of France visited the theatre in Paris, the wife of a financier, whose whole merit consisted in a heavy purse, and in an ostentatious display of eastern magnificence, set alone in a box opposite to that of her majesty.—*Bourjoice* affected to make parade of a costly pair of bracelets, which, as the queen now and then cast her eyes upon her, she fondly supposed attracted the admiration of her sovereign. She was hugging herself in thoughts that exceedingly flattered her vanity, when a person, dressed in the queen's livery, entered the box.—"Madam," said he to her, "you may have perceived how attentively the queen has surveyed those magnificent bracelets, which, though so precious and costly, still receive a greater lustre from the dazzling beauty of the arm that bears them; I am commissioned by her to request you will lend me one of them, that her magesty may have a nearer view of the unparalleled jewel." Melted by the flattering compliment, and, as the sharper's trick would have it, the queen having kept her eyes during the time in a strait direction to her box, she did not hesitate, and delivered one of the bracelets. Alas, she soon repented her blind confidence, and heard nothing more of the bracelet until the next morning, when an exempt from the police begged to be admitted, chid her politely for trusting so valuable a

trinket in the hands of a person who was a stranger; "But, madam," added he, "make yourself easy, the rogue is taken up, and here is a letter from the lieutenant de police, which will explain the whole." The letter was signed *de Crone*, and contained a request that the lady would repair, at twelve o'clock, to the office, and the mean time deliver to the exempt, he sent, *the other bracelet*, that it might be compared with the first, then in his hand, that he might have sufficient proof to commit the sharper. So much attention from the chief magistrate, called up all her gratitude, which she expressed in the liveliest terms, bestowing the greatest praise on the watchfulness of the police, which was in no country so well administered as in Paris. In fine, after ordering up a dish of chocolate, for the exempt, she put the other bracelet in his hands, and they parted; but it was for ever. This pretended exempt, proving neither more nor less, than the *worthy associate of the queen's bold messenger.*

Extracts from the "Miseries of Human Life."

The two-fold torment inflicted by a flea—viz. first, the persecution to which he subjects you through the night; secondly, the loss of your meditated revenge in the morning, by his hocus-pocus, escapes—his unthought-of and incredible capers, leaps, and flings, from under eager fingers, at the very instant when you seem in the act of —— nay, to have actually annihilated him.

"Mille fugit refugitsque vias; at vividus" alter [lisque tennenti
"Hæret hians; jam, jamque tenet, simi- Increpuit—morus elusus!" Vir.

Sitting in a chair on which you do not discover that honey has been liberally spilt, till, on rising to make your bow, you *carry away the cushion.*

Those certain moments of existence, in which, without assignable cause, *Ennui* so powerfully predominates over your whole system, mental and bodily, that you would joyfully submit to the cat-and-nine-tails, by way of a *flapper* to your dormant excitability.

During courtship—flattering yourself that you are a year or two younger than some——"good naturedfriend or other" proves you to be.

Hiding your eyes with your hand, for a whole evening together, in vain attempts to discover a tune, or a name; said tune, &c. repeatedly flitting before you, but so repeatedly as never to be fairly caught.

In holding a glass of wine, or some brittle article of great beauty and value to another person,—suddenly quitting your hold of it, under a *false* idea that he has taken his.—"Guess, ah guess the rest!"

After having long hunted in vain for a missing bank-note of 100*l.* and just as you are in the act of accusing an honest servant, on very suspicious appearances, of having made a *perquisite* of it,—suddenly spying out the last rag of its remains in the mouth and paws of a puppy, who had slily *embezzled* it, for his own private recreation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received an interesting and well written original article of Biography, from a gentleman whose communications would add respectability to any literary journal in our country. We feel gratified by his obliging partiality in again making the Emerald the channel of his communications. The "History of literature" which at present occupies the department of our paper devoted to these subjects, will prevent its appearance in this number.—We shall be in haste to lay it before our readers.

The praises of EDWIN *are misapplied. He is too far off to judge rightly:*
'Tis *distance* lends enchantment to his view.

THE FABLES *of our poetical friend have been much admired for their ingenuity and humor.* The Drone and the Humming Bird *is replete with epigrammaticpoint and good natnred severity. When genius holds the pencil and fancy the palet the picture is commonly a transcript of nature.*

"The green house daisy" is a plant from the garden of the muses.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

FABLE....26.

(Concluded.)

Of every ill by which we're curst,
Sure Affectation is the worst,
Has the most impudence of all
That govern this terrestrial ball;
The least self knowledge, and can chide
Folks humbler than herself for pride;
Rankles with bitter gale the heart,
And always overdoes her part;
A prudish flirt, a faithless friend,
Who acts, but never views the end.
For prudence' self cannot restrain her,
From damaging her entertainer;
Allures young minds in many a scrape,
From which, alas! there's no escape.
As mice by plunder are allur'd
To visit traps, too well secured—
Who enter bold—but in dismay
Finding no door to run away,
Have leisure to repent and pet,
In iron cage, like Bajazet.

To view these dupes of Affectation,
Is a sad sight for Observation.
Because, so readily, he finds
The principles that chang'd their minds;
Hence the new tempers can discover
Of him in place, or favour'd lover,
Who elevated, are no more.
The men they were the day before,
No longer grubs, but mounted high,
Proud as a new-born butterfly.

Least noticed of th' affected race,
Are those who never change their place;
But arrogantly advertize,
To all the world, their want of eyes.
Thinking, so vain, to feast the nations,
With highest deeds of—their relations,
These also—like the quondam grubs,
Sometimes receive disast'rous rubs,
The mighty merit they may boast,
But serving to degrade them most:
Just like the saucy drone, whose pate,
So much abounding in conceit,
(Like a sad culprit's on a jibbet)
I take the freedom to exhibit.

In a grand garden, full of flowers,
A Drone employs his idle hours,
Sips of each hyacinth he meets,
And riots in the rose's sweets.
With so much liberty allow'd,
He grows, like human insects, proud
Thinks every tree his own, and, hence,
Himself a bee of consequence.

To taste, alike, the honied store,
That Nature's plants luxuriant, pour,
Hither, *sans ceremony*, came,
A painted bird of tiny frame,
Tho' small, yet beauteous to behold;
Soft tints of purple, green, and gold
His wings display—while Hybla's dew
He drinks from flowers of every hue.

Beauty which ever should create
Attention—proves a source of hate;
Instead of love is envy known.
For thus begins the angry Drone:
Avaunt thou glutton of an hour
Nor rifle every glossy flower.
When Summer's o'er to distant skies
Your race of feather'd vagrants flies;—
In winter's, desolating time,
Compell'd to seek no warmer clime,
We leisurely enjoy, so gay,
The fruits of many a labour'd day.
Decamp—nor dare t' invade our crop,
Or know—my sting shall make you hop.
Learn industry, & have the grace
To imitate our careful race——
What folly could thy cranium seize,
To frolick here with frugal Bees!
You talk of industry!—replied
The bird in all a Beauty's pride,
You dare to speak of frugal bees!
You boldly rank yourself with these!
Would you my faulty steps correct,
With nicest care your own detect,
Precept must with example walk,
Or vain the moral menders talk,
What art thou, imp of fiery zeal?
A member of the common weal;
Which spite of all the pride you shew
Can boast no services from you.
No consequence do you inherit
For merely personal is merit.
You on the *Union's* labour thrive,
But bring no honey to the hive.
Deriving all your reputation,
Not from your parts, but situation.

For the Emerald.

THE GREEN HOUSE DAISY.

'Tis thine, while Winter's sullen form
Leads on the varied year,
To hear secure his howling storm,
Nor dread his vengeance near.

Thou wert enstampt in Beauty's mint,
The sweetest flower that blows;
And Innocence would choose thy tints,
To deck her bosom snows.

When rosy Spring by Zephyr led,
From Eden's blissful seat,
Where from stern Winter's frown she fled,
With cherub forms to meet;

Shall come, to wake the sleeping year
To beauty, joy, and love;
Thy beauteous form her smile shall cheer,
And all her blessings prove.

And Summer, Autumn, too shall show'r
O'er thee their beauties bland;
But thou shalt never, modest flower,
Feel Winter's chilling hand.

For Fancy says, thy lowly form
So simple, yet so fair,
Of Hope, that aye the heart doth warm,
Stands a sweet emblem there.

For when Affliction's storms arise,
And wrap the soul in gloom,
To thee, O Hope, to thee she flies,
For thou wilt ever bloom.

R**

A RAINY SUNDAY.

The whistling winds tempestuous blow,
The rain descends, good lack!
The *city dame* 's compell'd to stow
Her silks into a hack.

Old Squaretoes, growling, views the glass,
And frets as if on thorns,
Oblig'd to dine at home, alas!
Instead of at *the Horns!*

The spruce *apprentice* angry swears,
And bites his nether lip,
He cannot shew his tonish airs,
Nor sport his *bran new vip.*

The devotee, despising mud,
Though splash'd up to the shins,
Demurely walks, in spacious hood,
To *wash away* her sins.

The buck, who scorns the city puts,
And thinks all rich men noodles,
In Hessian boots securely struts
To make his bets at Boodle's.

Ye *raining pow'rs!* then hear me pray,
And spare! oh spare us one day!
Throughout the week your fountains play,
And cloudless be each *Sunday!*

ADDRESSED TO THE *large* AND BEAUTIFUL MISS N. ON BEING SEEN AT A LOTTERY-OFFICE.

[By Mr. Moore.]

If in wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in *blanks* and in *prizes* we deal; [*prize*,
How comes it that you, such a *capital*
Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?

If ever by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll, [me,
A *sixteenth*, I swear, were sufficient for
For what could I do with the *whole?*

ANACREONTIC.

Care, catiff wretch! begone from me,
And let me gaily quaff my bowl;
Haste from my presence, quickly flee,
To joy alone I yield my soul.

My hours I dedicate to mirth,
Then "let the liquid ruby flow,"
Which gives to new ideas birth,
And bids the soul with rapture glow.

Supremely blest while thus I quaff,
My mind in airy regions roves,
I sport the song, the toast, the laugh,
And fly from Bacchus to the loves.

Marriages.—At Watertown, Capt. Benj. Curtis, of this town, to Miss Lois Robbins.—At Dorchester, Mr. Isaac Clap, mer. of this town, to Miss Eliza Cook.—At Charlestown, Dr. P. G. Robbins, of Lynn, to Miss Abigail Dowse.

In this town, Mr. James Stimson, mer. to Miss Sophia Andrews; Mr. George Darracott, to Miss Sally Clark; Mr. Aaron Mallon, to Miss Asseneth Rogers; Capt. John Mackay, to Miss Frances Mackay.

Deaths.—At Menotomy, Mr. Joseph Carnes, aged 41.

In this town, Mrs. Elizabeth Blanchard, aged 83, relict of the late Mr. Joshua B.; Thomas Farrington, Esq. aged 56; Mrs. Ruth Drury, aged 39; Miss Mary Ann Newell Carlisle, aged 11; Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, of Salem, aged 55; Warren, aged 6 yrs. son of Mr. Abraham Gibson; Deacon Moses French, of Braintree, aged 75; Caroline Andrews, aged 3 yrs. and 7 mo. youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas A.

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